

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVII., NO. 5387.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1902.

PRICE 2 CENTS

JUST RECEIVED

Fine Line Of

Negligee Shirts To Retail At 50c

For a HALF DOLLAR SHIRT they cannot be duplicated. Also our line of better SHIRTS are coming in every day. The \$1.50 line is very strong one; attached and detached cuffs.

HATS

In all Grades and quality, SOFT AND STIFF, CAPS for MEN and BOYS, all new. Also the celebrated

HAWES HAT,

the New York leader. None better and few as good, \$3 00.

Don't Forget We Are Going To Close Out Our

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Going To Give Up This Part Of Our Business.

Mens' Boy's and Children's Clothing at a Sacrifice.

BIG BARGAINS IN WORKINGMEN'S TROUSERS.

Call and see our SPRING LINE of SAMPLES for your SPRING or SUMMER SUIT. Made to order by New York's leading tailor. Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

SUITS TO ORDER FROM \$15.00 UP.

JOHN CRIFFIN,

Hatter and Furnisher.

Congress Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

YOU CAN HAVE

NEW TIRES

PUT ON YOUR

BABY CARRIAGE

AT THE

COLUMBIA BICYCLE AGENCY, 5 1-2 HIGH STREET.

W. W. McIntire.

YACHT AND BOAT FITTINGS

Farming Tools, Lawn Mowers,
Mixed Paints, Oil and Varnish,
Iron and Steel.

CEO. T. VAUCHAN,

59 Market Street.

Automobile Supplies

A. P. Wendell & Co.'s,
2 MARKET SQUARE.

BUILDING HARDWARE

AND

CONTRACTORS' SUPPLIES.

Rider & Cotton,

65 MARKET STREET.

FROM CARNEGIE. AT THE STAKE.

Offer Of Public Library Building In Somersworth.

He Will Give \$15,000 In Return For Yearly Appropriation.

City Council Appoints Committee To Confer With Library Trustees.

Somersworth, N. H., May 22.—At a special meeting of the city council tonight, Mayor Haines announced that Andrew Carnegie, through Judge C. H. Wells, had made an offer to present the sum of \$15,000 to the city for the erection of a public library building, provided the city would appropriate \$1500 yearly for its maintenance. The council adopted a resolution thanking Mr. Carnegie and appointed a committee to confer with the library trustees on the matter.

A BIG FIRE.

Two Hundred Freight Cars Likely To Be Destroyed At Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 23, 2:00 a. m.—The transfer house of the Lake Shore and New York Central railroad caught fire at midnight. Within an hour the house had been destroyed and also about 200 cars. The flames may reach the car shops, and there are hundreds of cars outside the shops which are likely to be destroyed. Most of the cars are loaded and the damage will be great.

WILL PROBABLY DIE.

John Cassidy In Serious Condition As A Result Of Blow While Boxing.

Boston, May 22.—John Cassidy, twenty years old, of Chelsea, is at a hospital suffering, it is said, from concussion of the brain as the result of a blow received in a boxing contest with Eddie Dixon of Chicago at the Lenox Athletic club tonight. It is said at the hospital that Cassidy will probably not recover. Dixon gave himself up to the police. He has not found bail.

BASEBALL.

The following is the result of the baseball games played yesterday:

National League.

Pittsburg 6, New York 0; at Pittsburgh.

Chicago 6, Philadelphia 5; at Chicago.

St. Louis 1, Boston 7; at St. Louis.

Cincinnati 3, Brooklyn 9; at Cincinnati.

American League.

Baltimore 3, Detroit 1; at Baltimore.

Boston 3, Chicago 4, ten innings; at Boston.

Washington 1, St. Louis 9; at Washington.

Philadelphia 9, Cleveland 11; at Philadelphia.

New England League.

Manchester 4, Haverhill 7; at Manchester.

Lowell 2, Lawrence 1; at Lowell.

Concord 8, Fall River 10; at Concord.

Nashua 10, Dover 12; at Nashua.

SPANIARDS FIGHT.

Madrid, May 22.—Sixty persons were seriously wounded, ten of them fatally, in a fight that occurred between the inhabitants of the neighboring villages of Cleiros and Sada, in the province of Galicia. The encounter was due to a local squabble.

"KID" CARTER WON.

Amesbury, Mass., May 22.—"Kid" Carter of Worcester successfully defended his title of 125-pound champion wrestler of New England at the Amesbury armory tonight. His opponent was Bob Parthington of East Boston.

POWDER WORKS BLOW UP.

Redding, Cal., May 22.—The plant of the Delta Powder works, near Delta, blew up today, killing Mrs. George Miller and her child, who were living one hundred yards away, and fatally injuring another child.

TORNADO IN OKLAHOMA.

Oklahoma, City, Oklahoma, May 22.—A tornado struck six miles south-east of Elk City today, wrecking a number of houses. Several persons are reported fatally injured.

Negro Burned To Death Down In Texas.

A Mob Took Him From Custody Of The Sheriff.

Mrs. McKay From A Carriage Watched The Torture To The Last.

Dallas, Tex., May 22.—At 12:15 o'clock this noon, the negro Dudley Morgan, who is alleged to have assaulted Mrs. McKay, wife of Section Foreman McKay, at Lansing, Tex., was burned at the stake at Lansing. According to a telegram from Dallas, the nearest telegraph station, the negro was captured this morning and then taken before Mrs. McKay for identification. He confessed the crime just before the fire was applied. Morgan, it is charged, assaulted Mrs. McKay at Lansing, Tex., last Saturday morning. He was captured near Mt. Pleasant by a posse with bloodhounds.

More In Detail.

St. Louis, May 22.—A special to the Post-Dispatch gives the details of the burning of the negro Morgan. The mob at Lansing had elected a leader, all the armed men had been drawn up on one side of the track and those unarmed on the other, and every arrangement had been perfected, before the arrival of the train at 11:50 a. m. When the sheriff and his prisoner stepped from the train, they were taken into custody by armed men. The negro was taken to his victim's house, where he was identified by Mrs. McKay and several section hands. He confessed and then he was bound to a railroad iron post, around which were piled old dry cross ties. At twelve o'clock, the husband of his victim set fire to the pyre. Mrs. McKay was driven up in a carriage and watched the torture to the last. The negro's body was almost entirely consumed in thirty minutes.

TWO MORE WOMEN.

Andrew J. Emery Had a Habit of Becoming Engaged.

Boston, Mass., May 22.—Two other young women, one living in Boston and the other a former resident of Newton, were engaged to be married to Andrew J. Emery while he was preparing the way for his mock marriage with little Nina Danforth, the girl who killed him when she discovered his deception.

The Newton woman, happily, found out that Emery was married several months after she promised to become his wife, and she promptly told him she wished nothing more to do with him. During the period of betrothal, however, she carried a gold watch that the freeman had given her, with a picture in the case that he said he had sat for especially for her.

This woman has since been married, and removed from Newton, and she will not be called to testify at the inquest, as she has not seen him for over a year.

This same little timepiece, with the portrait of Emery, is the one now carried by Miss Danforth in the East Cambridge jail.

Although Nina Danforth does not know it, the watch and the photograph were obtained, or the young woman who escaped the pretended marriage.

The Boston woman, with whom Emery spent his evenings and nights during the winter and spring, lives on Way street, only a short distance from the Boston & Albany round-house, where he took his engine out at 4:45 a. m., every day. While Emery never told anyone of Miss Danforth, he was to his shopmates quite communicative about the young woman on Way street, although he did conceal her name and the number of her home.

PEACE ASSURED.

So The London Daily Chronicle Says Of South African Situation.

London, May 23, 2:00 a. m.—The Daily Chronicle this morning claims the authority to say that peace in South Africa is practically assured. This is also the general impression that prevails among the other papers and the public, though the former do not go so far as the Chronicle. At a late hour tonight the government departments declined to give out any information on the matter.

BY THE "JOLLY TWO."

The "Jolly Two" held a very successful dance at the Rye town hall on Thursday evening. Enough people from this city attended to fill a special car of the vestibule pattern. Music was furnished by Hoyt and Parker's orchestra.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

Vested Episcopal Choirs Of State Join In Service.

Large Throng Entranced By Chorus Singing At Christ Church.

Visitors Entertained By Local Choristers During Their Stay Here.

The fourth annual festival of the vested choirs of the Episcopal diocese of New Hampshire was held at Christ church on Thursday evening. The combined choirs, with choirmasters, numbered 210. Under the direction of Prof. Henri G. Blaisdell of Concord, they sang the choir officers of the Anglican liturgy.

These services are always so largely attended and so many people present themselves at the church doors that admission is always by ticket. The beautiful Episcopal edifice at the West end was thronged on Thursday evening and on the lawns of the church and rectory were many groups that lingered there until the processional, entranced by the sweet harmonies which floated out, through the open windows and doors, upon the mellow evening air.

The chorus was composed of choir boys from Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Keene, Dover, Claremont, Milford, Berlin, Holderness school and this city. The musical program was as follows:

Processional, No. 482. Tallis.
Psalter, No. VIII. Domine, Domine.
Noster.
Psalter, No. XV. Domine, quies habitat.
Psalter, No. XXI. Domine, in virtute tua.
Magnificat. Boyton South.
Nunc Dimittis. Boyton South.
Solo, "He Shall Defend Thee," J. W. Mitchell.
Anthem, "As it Began to Dawn," Mylles B. Foster.

As it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre. And behold there was a great earthquake for the Angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the Angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not yet, for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here, He



Christ Church.

is risen! (Remember how He spake unto you when He was yet in Galilee.)

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hearts and voices heavy-ward raised;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He, Who on the Cross a Victim
For the World's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Soprano Solo, selected.
Master Findlay of Quincy, Mass.
Anthem, "The Lord hath been mindful of us."
E. T. Chipp, Mus. Doc.
The Lord hath been mindful of us, and He shall bless us. He shall bless them that fear Him, both small and great. Ye are the blessed of the Lord, and who made heaven and earth.
Anthem, "The sun shall be no more thy light by day."
Rev. H. H. Woodward, Mus. Doc.
The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness the moon by night; but the Lord thy God shall be thine everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.
Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the Lord which is very far off.
O God of Saints, to Thee we cry;
O Savior, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all Saints our rest may be

COMFORT IN SHOES



Solid comfort and the height of fashion can be combined in moderate priced shoes, but the fact remains that that is rarely done.

Too many manufacturers and dealers have the short sighted habit of sacrificing prestige for the sake of large profits.

Our profits are small. Our shoes reach the maximum of comfort and style. We buy from conscientious manufacturers.

All kinds of repairing done while you wait.

Men's shoes tapped and heeled with rubber heels, 75 cents.

Ladies' shoes tapped and heeled with rubber heels, 65 cents.

We have one of the Largest and Best Lighted Boot and Shoe Stores in the City.

L. GERBER,
36 MARKET ST.

In that bright Paradise with Thee, Amen

Te Deum Laudamus. Thomas Hutchinson.
Recessional, No. 413.
Conductor, H. G. Blaisdell of St. Paul's church, Concord.
Organist, W. A. Smith, of Christ church, Portsmouth.

The most impressive feature of the exercises was the entrance of the long line of boys in their snowy vestments, into the brilliantly lighted sanctuary, chanting the processional hymn. At the head of several of the visiting choirs were borne banners with the name of the various churches.

and other places of interest hereabouts, taking afternoon trains.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

Closing Day of Free Baptists' Annual Meeting at Dover.

Dover, May 22.—The second and closing day of the Rockingham Free Baptist association's meeting opened at the Washington street Free Baptist church this morning with a large attendance. The exercises consisted of a devotional service led by Rev. J. C. Osgood of Newmarket. Following this service a business meeting was held, during which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, D. B. Martin, Somersworth; vice president, A. E. Wilson, Dover; clerk, J. N. Foster, Candia; assistant clerk, A. R. Paul, South Berwick; treasurer, J. C. Osgood, Newmarket; delegate to the yearly meeting, J. H. Foster, Candia; alternates, M. V. B. Williams of Kittery Point, Mrs. A. R. Paul of Somersworth, Deacon Willey of Newmarket, Mrs. J. C. Osgood of Newmarket, Deacon Brackett of Portsmouth, James Pettigrew of Portsmouth, Mrs. Roberts of South Berwick, Mrs. V. M. Morse of Kittery Point, C. M. Collins of Danville, Miss A. H. Collins of Danville, E. B. Ware of Somersworth, Mrs. J. Y. Demeritt of Dover, the Rev. S. H. Adams of Hampton and Mrs. D. B. Martin of Somersworth; corresponding messenger to New Durham quarterly meeting, the Rev. J. C. Osgood; to Merrimack association, the Rev. A. R. Paul; York county conference, the Rev. C. H. Tucker, Portsmouth; to Belknap association, the Rev. A. E. Wilson.

At the close of the business session the Rev. Mr. Martin of Somersworth delivered a very interesting sermon on "What Manner of Man is This That the Wind and the Waves Obey Him?"

At the close of Mr. Martin's sermon, the forenoon session adjourned. During the noon hour dinner was served in the vestry of the church by the ladies of the local society.

At one o'clock the session reconvened with a devotional service followed by a sermon by the Rev. C. H. Tucker of Portsmouth after which the meeting closed.

NEW CORPORATIONS.

The following company has filed articles of incorporation at the office of the secretary of state:

People's Telephone and Telegraph Co., organized at Kittery for the purpose of establishing telephone and telegraph systems in Worcester, Mass., and in the territory of Oklahoma and the island of Porto Rico, with \$500,000 capital stock of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, Hammond, Braman of Boston, Mass.; treasurer, Frank E. Baldwin of Boston, Mass. Certificate approved May 20, 1902.

A BACKWARD SOCIAL.

The King's Daughters of the North church held a very enjoyable and quaint social at their chapel on Middle street Thursday evening. It was called a "backward social", and everything was done backwards.

SPEED OF A TRAIN.

HOW THE ENGINEER KNOWS WHAT TIME HE IS MAKING.

An Indicator That Keeps Him Posted on How Many Miles an Hour His Train Is Running—The "Dutch Clock" That Outlived Its Usefulness.

Experienced railroad men can tell to the fraction of a minute the speed of a moving train. It is far easier to tell the rate at which a train is traveling, while aboard than it is to tell its speed as it dashes past. When standing near a railroad track and noting an approaching train with its revolving driving wheels, the vibrating side rods, the continuous roar from the smokestack and the immense cloud of dust in the rear one is almost certain to greatly overestimate the speed at which it is actually traveling.

A common method of telling the speed of a moving train is by counting the clicks of the wheel as they pass over the rail joints. A rail is 30 feet long; hence there are 176 rails in one mile. A mile per minute would be 176 clicks in 60 seconds, or 60 miles per hour. Thirty clicks per hour, therefore, would be 35 clicks in 60 seconds. The clicks for ten seconds denote the average speed of the train.

But even railroad men are not required to rely upon their ears and watches to tell the speed at which their trains are running. The little speed recorder, known as the "Dutch clock," which was put in the "little red cubicle behind the train" a few years ago, is now almost a relic of the past. It was a great invention in its day, and was adapted by nearly all the railroads of the country. Its purpose was to regulate the speed of freight trains by telling the rate of fast running, and the division superintendent did the rest. Seldom did the "old man" fail to inflict the punishment for such infraction of the rules—usually a "ten days" lay off.

But conditions have so changed that speed is now the requisite, and men are laid off who do not make the time required, and the little "Dutch clock" has outlived its usefulness.

It was a very simple affair. By a gearing attached to the axle of the car a small brass cylinder in a case on the inside of the car was revolved. A lead pencil fastened to a holder was made to travel from one end to the other of the cylinder by means of a clock. The pencil went across and back every hour and marked upon a long sheet of paper known as the "train sheet," which was wound about the cylinder.

This sheet was printed in cross sections, each section indicating a mile. On the upper edge were printed the names of the stations of the division and their relative distances apart. As the pencil traveled across the sheet it made a zigzag mark, and upon the speed of the train depended the slant of the line. When the train was still, the cylinder would mark straight up and down, and it was possible to tell very accurately, if the sheet was inserted correctly, just where each stop was made, how many minutes it occupied, the exact speed at every part of the run, how long continued, and often revealed much information that the train men pretend the "old man" would not know.

The machine, while it was in vogue, was the terror of the train men. No excuses were taken for fast running, and they resorted to many plans to frustrate the tale the little instrument was sure to tell. They have been known to throw sand into the gearing, break the little iron case with a hammer, insert the wrong train sheet, mark the sheet with a pencil in their own hands, label the office clerks who measured the sheets, report the clock out of order on the slightest pretext and heap upon it their vilest curses.

Little by little the "Dutch clock" gave way to another kind of a speed recorder, until today the new one has the field almost to itself. It is the recorder known as the "Boyer," which is placed in the cab of the engine, and the indicator of which shows the engineer just the speed of his train. To this also there is a train sheet conceived upon a very different plan, and the sheet is scrutinized now to see if the speed was fast enough.

The engineer's speed recorder, too, is worked by a gear from the pony truck of the engine, and by means of a small pump mercury is injected into a pipe not larger than a pencil, which forces the needle around the dial of the indicator. The engineer of the midnight express takes his seat, opens the engine, and little by little the lever is pulled out, and as the wheels revolve the speed indicator climbs over the figures. There was a delay in loading baggage at the last station, time was lost, possibly at every station on the division the same thing will occur and out comes the lever still further and up goes the speed indicator. A nice piece of track is ahead, and the engineer knows it to be safe. The indicator crawls over half the arc of the circle. The train now descends an incline, and the speed becomes terrific. The dial now shows 55, 60, possibly 65 to 70 miles per hour for a few minutes. This speed is frequently attained for short durations, and the engine man a few days later, when at the terminal, points with pride to the little train sheet which recorded his fast spurts.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Music in Hawaii.
The singing of the native Hawaiians is always melodious and pleasing. The Kanakas has a quick ear for music and learns new airs with facility. Yet, no matter what selection is sung by the natives, and no matter how slowly the notes are followed, the singing is always peculiarly plaintive, due no doubt to some subtle, infinite quality of the singers' voices. Their singing is at its best out of doors, and particularly when they are upon the water and the airs are their own.—New York Press.

AN ANXIOUS TWO MINUTES.

A Hanging That Took Place on Train, Not Local Time.

There is a branch of the Burlington railroad which runs down into the southwestern part of Nebraska and along which are strung several county seat towns. At the time to which reference was made a man named Bruce Mattingly was awaiting execution in the jail of one of these towns, he having committed a homicide which, according to the theory of the jury, merited death. He was a pretty bad man, but, as is frequently the case with tough citizens, he had a strong circle of friends who were disinclined to see Mattingly snuffed out at the end of a rope. They interceded with the governor after the regular channel of law courts of appeal had been run fruitlessly, but Mattingly's reputation was against him, and the governor would not definitely promise to grant the desired respite. The sheriff of the county had announced that he would wait until 8 o'clock in the morning for any gubernatorial interference, and promptly at that hour, in the absence of a notice of a stay, he would launch Mr. Mattingly into the clasp-

where. On the morning of the day set for the execution the conductor of Burlington No. 3 was instructed by the trainmaster to pick up at this county seat town the state fish commissioner's private car, which had been there for some days, and carry it on to the terminal. The engineer, when told of the order, suggested that it would be best for him to run in a few minutes ahead of car time, so as to be sure to have enough time to get away on the schedule, for there was a strong competition in the matter of promptness on that run, and for over three years the train had not been behind. So, being due at 8 o'clock, the engineer of No. 3 rushed things a little and got in at 7:55, thus having four minutes' leeway to pick up the commissioner's car. As they pulled up at the platform a sound of whistling and the ringing of bells rose in the town, and from the high board stables around one wing of the county jail, which was just across from the depot, a red flag fluttered as somebody hailed it up on its temporary pole. The engineer asked what it meant.

"Just hung Mattingly," cried a man at that moment, breaking forth from the stables. "Hang him prompt at 8 o'clock. Bill was afraid an order might come from the governor, as is soon as it was 8 he let him go."

"But it isn't 8," said the engineer. "It's three minutes to 8."

"No, it isn't 8. Ain't No. 3 in, an don't go get her at 8 to the dot?"

The engineer's heart jumped and then fell down into a deep well.

"Do you mean to say you hung a man by No. 3's time instead of by watches or clock?" he gasped.

"Of course. Why, watches and clocks varies. Take any dozen watches among the crowd in that jail right now, an I'll bet there ain't no two alike in p'min on the time. But No. 3"—and the man looked at the engineer in eloquent silence, which was immensely expressive. The latter leaned against the tank and pulled his own watch and fastened his eyes devoutly upon it. He afterward said he lived a lifetime in waiting for the two remaining minutes to pass so that the hour would really be 8. Every instant he expected to see the operator come flying out with an order to delay the hanging, and, knowing that he had given the signal to execute the man four minutes ahead of time, he felt that if any such notice were to come before 8 he would be a kind of murderer. At last it seemed after years—the hands indicated the actual arriving time of No. 3, and with a great gasp of relief the engineer climbed into the cab and went about the work of looking on the commissioner's car.

It was some time before that engineer got around to a state of mind where he could speak lightly of the incident, and to this day he has never run so much as four seconds ahead of time. He says it isn't conducive to a man's peace of mind out in that country, where they hang people by railroad time card.—Chicago Record.

A Visit to Arabi Pasha.

By half past 9 I had everything packed ready for a move, when Ahmed announced the arrival of my Egyptian friend in a carriage to take me down to the war office, that was inside the arsenal gate. Arrived at the gate, we alighted from the carriage and were about to enter, when we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of excited Fellah soldiers, vehemently ejaculating in their guttural Arabic. It was with the greatest difficulty that my Egyptian friend and the faithful Ahmed finally persuaded them to hold up their rifles with the bayonets fixed that were playing about our heads and send in for the officer of the guard.

This they did, and as soon as the officer learned the object of our visit we were admitted without further trouble, though it was quite plain from the mutterings of the soldiers that they had no friendly feelings toward a European. On reaching the anteroom of the war office we found all the celebrities of the day were there. The interview lasted about half an hour, and I was very favorably impressed by Arabi's personality and the intelligence with which he discussed the situation.—Harper's Round Table.

His Memory Sure to Live.

Beagle—Old Foxley is dead. He'll be long remembered by the people of this town.

Spitzer—Why, did he leave many public bequests?

Beagle—He left debts to the amount of \$50,000.—Boston Transcript.

Defeating a Privateer.

The New England privateer contests in the long ago gave a distinguished officer of the royal navy his first opportunity. Charles Wager was the nephew of John Hall, a Newport merchant. He was with his uncle in one of his vessels when she was threatened. There is a French or Spanish privateer. There is a well attested tradition that Wager, only a lad, but high mettle, persuaded the peaceful, nonresistant owner to retire to the cabin and give him control of the vessel.

Charles mastered the crew—they were always armed—and handled them so bravely and skillfully that the attacking party was baffled. The old Quaker's anxiety prevailed over his principles, and coming into the company, he stood taking snuff and watching the fight. As he was below the level of the combatants, he could well see the effect of the firing.

His interest grew and his excitement waxed high as the contest went on. He took pinch after pinch of snuff in most tasteless fashion. His usually immaculate waistcoat became recklessly powdered. Finally he cried out:

"Charles, if these means to hit that man in a red jacket, there had better raise the piece a little."

The attack was repulsed, and the gallant Charles was commended by his uncle with, "There did well, Charles, thee did well, but fighting is wrong. Still, Charles, if thee had let them whip, I could have hung thee overboard."

Through his friends Wager obtained a post in the royal navy, ending his honorable career as Sir Charles Wager, first lord of the admiralty, and finally with a monument in Westminster abbey.—Youth's Companion.

Reforms in Funerals.

The Little Rock Ministers' alliance at its May meeting promulgated the following reforms relative to burials: The use of craps, gloves and other undertakers' supplies should be dispensed with. It is meaningless, of pagan origin and costs at least \$5 at each funeral. The use of coffins should be limited to actual necessity, such as for family and pallbearers. There should be no costly casket, metallic or otherwise, especially devised to defer the decay of the body, except when bodies are to be transported by rail. This is the day of embalming, and bodies can be kept as long as any real need demands if such need exists.

The custom of public levitating of the dead should be abolished. Let all farewells be private, and the casket remain closed after the service has commenced. Fulsome and indiscriminate eulogy should not be practiced or encouraged. It is easier to omit than to confine within right limits. That, as far as possible, Sunday funerals be avoided. That punctuality at funeral services should be insisted upon as much as at any other religious service. That there should be no exposure of the living, with the false idea that it honors the dead. To this end, let the gentleman keep their heads covered at the grave. In inclement weather, let the open air services be abbreviated to the utmost limit permitted by a proper regard for all interested, the custom of waiting until the grave is filled be abandoned, and the filling of the grave be supervised by a friend of the family.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

McClellan in Sixty-one.

I made McClellan's acquaintance the second day I was out—a soldierly, resolute looking man, in the prime of life, somewhat Napoleonic in actual height and breadth, with a good head set firmly on square shoulders. His features were regular and prepossessing; a short, thick mustache concealed his mouth; his brow was small, contracted and furrowed; his eyes deep set and anxious. Conger, of Garrett, captor of Paganini, he was now the man on horseback, "the young Napoleon," whom the president called "George" and trusted to the utmost.

He had not been called from the plow, like Cincinnati, but he had been summoned by the war from a railway office to take command of the army in the field.

He had set to work with a will at reconstructing a creation, but he could not obey the order of the people, "On to Richmond!" McClellan made one diplomatic move soon after he arrived at the capital. He invited the newspaper correspondents at Washington to come and discuss their position with him. They flocked in masses, and he then and there drew up a treaty of peace and amity with the many headed monster. Editors and correspondents were to abstain from printing anything which could give aid or comfort to the enemy, and in return the government and the authorities would give facilities for obtaining and transmitting intelligence suitable for publication, particularly Federal successes.—Sir William Howard Russell, LL. D., in North American Review.

A Daring Exploit.

Telling of some daring exploits of the civil war, the Atlanta Constitution says: "John C. Braine of the Confederate navy was the hero of a remarkable exploit. With a few trusty men he overtook New York, and for several days they loafed about in citizens' clothes and watched for an opportunity to help their cause."

"A magnificent Fall River steamer on the sound attracted their attention, and they laid their plans. They went on board as passengers and at a given signal overpowered the captain and crew and took possession of the vessel. Braine had only a few followers, but they succeeded in carrying off their prize, and they actually ran the blockade of Charleston and took the steamer safely to port. It sounds like a Jules Verne story, but it is true. There were thousands of men in that war who did just such reckless things. Some escaped and others were killed, but they dashed into the jaws of death as calmly and smilingly as though they were going to a picnic."

A POPULAR FALLACY.

The Best Is Not Always the Cheapest, Some Folks Find.

A woman who has gained wisdom by experience hopes some day to find time to write an essay exposing the fallacy of the popular idea that in the end the best thing is always the cheapest. As an illustration in point she will tell you some years ago she saved and pinched in order to lay by money enough to purchase an elegant gown. The gown, when it assumed form and substance, was of elegant satin, at \$5 a yard, and lavishly trimmed with expensive rose point lace. She knew it was too fine for a young woman who had to exercise strict economy in dress, but everybody told her that it would outlast half a dozen ordinary gowns and in the end prove a most profitable investment.

The prediction as to the staying qualities of the satin gown was fulfilled. It lasted from season to season. Fashions came and went, but the gown stood on and had to be frequently made over at expense that would have bought new gowns of pretty but inexpensive material. Other young women revelled in tulle, foulards and organdies, but the owner of the satin gown had expended so much on that unfortunate investment that she could indulge in no other.

She wore the gown until she was sick and tired of it, and until she felt that everybody who knew her was sick and tired of seeing her have it on. At last she came so to hate the old thing that remained just as good as ever and bade fair to last from generation to generation that she had it dyed black and evolved from it an undershirt and various trimmings of an exasperatingly durable sort.

Then for the first time in years she indulged in some dainty and pretty dress fabrics so cheap as to permit of renewal with the shifting fashions and that she would not feel obliged to honor and cherish and wear without end.

We have heard of a young couple who, when they started out housekeeping, were presented with an elegant solid silver service. To correspond with this service everything in their house had to be costly and genuine, and it at last proved their ruin. Many housekeepers have had the same experience with a grand piano or some other expensive piece of furniture with a costly carpet, curtains, etc. In the effort to live up to these high priced articles and have everything else in keeping they have come to grief.

The moral of all this is, never lavish upon one or two articles of dress or furniture money which should be expended in all around comforts rather than upon something so grand that it will dwarf all the other surroundings and cause a vulgar incongruity, while the result aimed at should be a tasteful and judicious harmony.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Age of the Earth.

J. G. Goodchild of the British geological survey makes an attempt to gauge the age of the earth from the geologist's point of view. He passes in review certain changes which are known to have taken place in the past, working backward from the glacial period, and estimates the time required for the formation of the rocks of the various geological periods. He concludes that 93,000,000 of years have elapsed since the commencement of the tertiary period and 700,000,000 of years since the commencement of the Cambrian period.

Moreover, the beginning of life upon the earth may be as much further back from the Cambrian times as Cambrian times are removed from our own, so that the total estimate assumes tremendous proportions.

On the calculations of physicists, like Lord Kelvin, who refuse to allow that more than 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 of years can have elapsed since the earth cooled sufficiently for the evolution of living forms, Mr. Goodchild does not say much, but suggests that there is room for doubt as to the accuracy of their data and consequently of their conclusions.

A Strange Use For Bibles.

It seems that gold leaf for decorative purposes is as a regular matter of business packed in little books made up of the unbound pages of Holy Writ cut to the requisite size for the purpose and stitched together. On inquiry I learn that the practice of packing the material in this way is a well established one and that the Bible is selected for this purpose because, as a rule, the type is more evenly set and the printing generally finer and better executed. On the other hand, I hear from other sources that the use of the Bible looked upon as a sort of guarantee that the leaf is of the best possible quality. It appears that the book of common prayer is also employed for the same purpose. Gold leaf books are made up and supplied to the trade by an enterprising firm in Birmingham. An enterprising gentleman in London also supplied them. It is evident that the books are made up from the sheets in which they leave the press and before they are folded.—Ceylon Standard.

Isaac Duckett's Gift.

Isaac Duckett, who died in 1620, left £400, the income of which was to be distributed to maid servants by the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, London. Maid servants who apply for the gift for the first time must have lived with a respectable master or mistress in the upper or Saffron hill liberties of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, for seven consecutive years and must give satisfactory evidence to the trustees of habits of thrift and providence, and they must not be less than 20 years of age. Applicants who have once received the gift are eligible for it every five years, if they have remained in the same service, and many have thus several times received it. The sum given must not be less than £5 or more than £20, and it usually averages £10 every year. The applicants average about 20 in number.

TIPPING IN HOTELS.

ONE LANDLORD'S ATTEMPT TO ABOLISH THE PRACTICE.

The Maddening Experience Abroad Which Prompted Him to Make the Effort Here and the Reasons Why It Proved to Be a Melancholy Failure.

The tipping evil and why it flourishes and spreads is always a subject of interest, and the failure of the efforts of Landlord Tilly Haynes of the United States hotel in Boston and the Broadway Central in New York to put an end to the practice in his establishment and the comment thereon led him to tell this story about it:

"What called my attention particularly to it and made me disgusted with the whole practice was our experience in Milan. When we came to take our leave there, I had already given tips to the servants who waited on us, to the head waiter and to the chambermaid, and supposed that everything was right. Now, in Milan the hotels are different from what they are in this country. They have an inner court, into which the carriages drive and from which they depart with their guests, instead of leaving from the front of the hotel, as they do in this country. Before the carriage leaves a bell is struck.

"When we were ready to leave, with everything all right, as I supposed, this bell struck, and we were at once surrounded by some 20 servants, bowing and smiling, waiting for their tips. There were more waiters and more chambermaids, who had not done a thing for us. The whole affair made me mad. They had been tipped all that was right already, but they surrounded the carriage and there was no getting away. I had some franc pieces in my pocket, and I tossed them out to the crowd, one here and another there until I had gone around. Then I turned to the proprietor, who had come out, gave him my card and told him that if he did not have enough money to pay regular wages to his servants, if he would send me his address, I would see, when I got home, that he had enough to pay them off with.

"Well, I came home mad with the whole system. I determined to stop it in my hotel. So I had printed in the bill of fare in large type and with two hands pointing to it the statement that the waiters were paid liberally by the hotel, that they were expected to render satisfactory service, and if any one failed to do so it would be a favor if the number of the man, which each one had to wear, were reported to the head waiter or to the proprietor. In the course of two or three days I noticed that the waiters were looking pretty sober and were talking quietly to themselves. It was not long before two of the oldest came to me in my office.

"What is it?" I asked them. "They bowed and hesitated and looked confused. Then they said that they were a committee of the waiters to come and see me about the notice printed on the bills of fare. 'It is just a little we give,' they said, 'only \$4 or \$5 a month, sub. It's just enough to do up do white vests with an pay for de cigars.'"

"They said it over two or three times. I saw that they had an excuse, and like Crockett's coin, it would be best for me to come down. I asked them how many there were of them. They replied that there were 40 on the sides besides three head waiters.

"Now," I said to them, "you are getting \$20 a month and your board. After this your wages will be raised to \$25 per month and your board." That was \$200 a month, or \$2,400 a year. So they went back to work, and the notice remained on the bills of fare, but I found that it was impossible to stop the tipping. The guests who wanted to be served particularly well would not give the tip directly, but would leave it under a plate or napkin, so that the waiter would get it.

"This went on for about a year and a half. I don't doubt that the waiters got more than \$5 a month apiece out of it before I tried to stop the practice. But the reason I could not stop it was because the public would not help me. When a man comes in with friends with him, feeling pretty cocky, he wants to treat them well and have everything nice. So he gives orders to the waiter to set him up the best dinner he can. So the waiter will bring him about everything there is in the kitchen.

"You know this can be done easily where the hotel is on the American plan, for they do not order specific dishes to be paid for. If the head waiter asks what he is doing with such large orders, the waiter will tell him that the party ordered it. The guest is well served and he is ready to tip the waiter for it. Some day he comes in not feeling particularly well. He grows ill, the waiter and wants to know why he is not served as well as he was the other day. He goes to the head waiter and makes complaint there. The trouble is with the public. They want extra service at times and to cut a swell before their friends. They are ready to pay for it then and fee the waiter accordingly. But it is just this class of guests who make the most trouble at other times with their complaints. If there is anything wrong with the tipping system, the public is to blame for it. They would not help me out and they want the privilege of giving tips when they wish for extra good service. I found that it was impossible to stop the practice. People want special favors and they are willing to pay the waiters in order to get them. So I gave up the attempt and let the practice take its course."—Springfield Republican.

Exact.

Judge—Do I understand you to say that the parties used high words? Witness—Their voices were unusually high, but their words were extremely low.—Chicago News.

An Electric Shock.

As a demonstration of the fact that an accidental contact with a high voltage circuit need not necessarily prove fatal and an equal demonstration of the fact that a powerful electric shock properly directed so as to pass through vital portions of the body is undoubtedly fatal the following case is conclusive. An electrician employed in the electric plant of the town of Little Albany, Ind., which furnishes power to the street railways and electric lights of that town, accidentally brought his back into contact with the positive and negative terminals on a switchboard of an electric arc circuit carrying 96 arc lamps and consequently having a pressure of 4,000 volts.

Obedying the law of physics, the electric current took the shortest path between the two points of contact, and between these the tissue was instantly destroyed, two pits being burned in the man's back about three inches in diameter and down to the bony structure. The burn was pretty high up on the back, just below the shoulder blades. Medical treatment for the burn began, and although the entire mass of tissue between the two points was dead and had to be removed the man eventually recovered. If the same current had passed between his two hands across the body and thus through the heart and lungs, their activity would have been instantly interrupted and death would have followed. Moreover, when the contacts are properly made, as in an electrocution, there is no burning of the flesh.—New York Medical Journal.

The Island City.

Venice is one of the most singular and famous cities in Europe and is built upon a cluster of islands in the lagoon. This lagoon is banked off from the Adriatic by a long, narrow sand bank which is divided into a number of islands, six in number. Inside of the sand bank and between it and the mainland is the lagoon, a sheet of shallow water. In parts of this marshy, sea covered plain islets have become consolidated into ground, firm enough to be cultivated.

And in the midst of a crowded cluster of such islands, amounting to between 70 and 80 in number, the city of Venice is built. The chief of these islands is called Rialto, or Island of the Deep Stream. The islands, in many places mere shoals, afford no adequate foundation for buildings, and the city for the most part is built upon an artificial foundation of piles and stones.

The Grand canal divides Venice into two equal parts and is the main thoroughfare for traffic and pleasure. The city is subdivided by some 146 small canals, or water streets, and the gondola is used for the various parts of the city by land, there being over 300 bridges across canals. The Rialto, the most famous bridge, spans the grand canal. There are also narrow lanes in among the houses.

Very Nicely Done.

Gallant Man (aside).—At last I have her all to myself. Now I can tell her how I love her and ask her to be mine. How shall I do it, I wonder?

Gentle Maid (behind her fan).—It is surely coming. I am so nervous and frightened. I know he is going to be terribly dramatic. I do hope I shan't have to help him up off his knees. Goodness, why doesn't he say something? I must break this horrible silence. (Aloud, recklessly) Have you ever been abroad?

Gallant Man (smilingly).—No. I'm saving it for a wedding tour.

Gentle Maid (demurely).—Why, how funny, so am I.

Gallant Man (meaningly).—Then why shouldn't we take it together?

Gentle Maid (innocently).—Possibly your wife and my husband might object to going in such a crowd.

Gallant Man (brilliantly).—The crowd wouldn't be objectionably large if your husband and my wife were husband and wife.

(Further conversation was disjointed and indistinct).—Pearson's Weekly.

Patients Who Will Not Pay.

When a Parisian doctor is called upon to attend a new patient, even though the case be a most urgent one, he first consults a book, fittingly bound in black, and if he finds the sick person's name recorded there he declines to go, for in this "black book" is a list of the names of those who have received medical services, but who, though peculiarly able, have refused to pay their doctor's bill.

The book is issued by the great medical society of Paris, whose members have agreed to observe the rules. These rules provide that each physician shall keep a careful record, which he shall forward to the officers of the society at stated intervals, of the names of those whom he has attended who have refused to pay him his fee.

Every reasonable effort should first be made, however, to collect the bill, and only when the patient's debt has been paid will his name be erased from the list.—Paris Letter.

Roadside Wit.

He who matched wits with the author of "The Ancient Mariner" had indeed a lively task before him, for Coleridge was never caught napping. The poet was so awkward a horseman that his riding often attracted comment of anything but a complimentary nature.

One day he was riding along the turnpike road in the county of Durham when a wag who met him fastened upon him as an excellent subject for sport. Consequently he drew rein and said in an impertinent drawl:

"My graceful friend, did you happen to meet a tailor on the road?"

"I'm inclined to think I did," said Coleridge meditatively. "I was not sure at the moment, but he said something about my meeting a goose farther along the road."

The wag put spurs to his horse, and the poet jogged calmly on his way.

ARABIAN HOSPITALITY.

It Is Sincere and at Times Carried to Ridiculous Extremes.

The Maltese was talking in terms of praise of Arabian hospitality and was not easily diverted from the subject. As traveling representative for one of the great coal mining companies of Pennsylvania he had been all over the world, stopping for a time in Rio de Janeiro, then for half a year in Algiers, Tangier and Tunis, another in Yokohama and Tokyo—for there was much to do besides taking contracts for coal in these antipodal regions. He had been for the last few months sojourning in New York.

If any one wondered at first why a native of the Mediterranean island should hold such a position, they ceased to wonder after they had known him a short time. He was master of just the qualities that are indispensable to a commercial courier—personal magnetism, energy, suavity and alertness. So all the rest of us were attentive listeners, and as such found even his slight dialect pleasing. But one of the party wanted to know where in the world hospitality was most impressively displayed.

"In north Africa," was the unhesitating response, "among the Arabs. There, you may say, it takes the place of law in some cases, though it is rarely abused. For instance, if you are traveling and night overtakes you and you do not know where you are, you have only to fire your rifle, and from the nearest camp—for they are nomads, you know, living in tents—the Arabs will answer with a shot to let you know where they are. If you don't readily catch the direction from which the sound comes, you fire again, and they will build a big bonfire, by which you will be guided to the camp. When you arrive, they take charge of you and your horse and gun, and the best that the camp affords is cheerfully placed at your service. So long as you remain within the bounds of the encampment, though you may ride and go about as you please, you are considered and treated as one of the family.

"Yes, hospitality is carried to what you might think a ridiculous extreme among the Arabs of Africa. If you have killed a man, for instance, and have incurred the death penalty and know the avenger is on your track, your place of perfect safety is in the tent of your pursuer. You have only to reach his tent and cast yourself and your rifle on the ground and your person becomes sacred to your enemy for so long as you remain there, but when you have departed and have gone beyond the limits of the camp then God help you."

"But is their hospitality never abused? Don't their casual visitors sometimes overstay their welcome?"

"Oh, sometimes, but then there is a delicate hint. When mealtime comes around, the otie, which is the goatskin, filled with buttermilk, is passed to you, and you drink, oh, so much, for it is very refreshing, and then at once they place all manner of meats and delicacies before you, and you eat and eat nothing, for you are full of the buttermilk. That is the hint to depart."

"But if you don't go?"

"Then they will move the encampment. But they will suffer the imposition very long before this, for their hospitality is more than superficial—it is sincere."

"Suppose the refugee were to commit an overt act while a member of the camp, would there be no punishment for that?"

"Oh, instantly; the 'mueth el kelb'—that is, the death of a dog. He is no more 'ragol b'wueg-haa' or 'phareb b'wueg-haa,' but 'el kelb,' a dog. The Arab has profound respect for 'ragol b'wueg-haa,' the cavalier, the man who comes riding or walking bravely, with his arms, and seems a man of courage, or his fellow, the 'phareb b'wueg-haa,' the man who comes on foot, as a man of learning."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Aurora Borealis and Superstition.

Conceive for a moment the glories of the aurora borealis. We who live in the semibarren atmosphere of this zone may well forestall by imagination the speechless wonder which would seize us were we first to behold that most dramatic phantasmagoria of sky phases on sky and snow and ice. The Teutons portrayed their emotions in their legends relating to their god Loki. In the story of his funeral pyre we detect the imagery inspired by the splendors of the aurora borealis.

Loki is the god of evil—Enemy of both gods and men. Fire, at first dangerous, at last the friend of man, is the emblem of this dark god. He is surrounded by flame, through whose circumference man must pass to the place of eternal sleep. He is pictured as seizing his faithful steeds and plunging into the sea of fire (the aurora borealis), and then disappearing. Men, heroes and gods follow him. Some return—some never. On, on to the dark icy regions, beyond the dismal iron wood, where all is night—the land of shade—to the very house of death, where reigned King Death guarded by his two dogs. We need not penetrate much deeper into the mythology of antiquity to discover all the forms around which gathered the legendary superstition of medieval Christianity concerning hell.

Indeed it will be discovered by students that the Scandinavian legends are much responsible for the dark, gloomy phases of Christian theology—especially concerning hell and the devil—Intelligence.

Willing to Believe Him.

TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "know how," enables us to guarantee satisfaction. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of
**Shoulder Braces
Supporters
AND
Suspensories**
Always on hand.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY

**SPRING DECORATIONS ARE
IN ORDER**



Now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON,
BOTTLED OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton
16 Bow Street Portsmouth

Gray & Prime

DELIVER

COAL

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St. Telephone 2-4.

**GEORGE A. TRAFTON,
BLACKSMITH.**

Horse Shoeing in all its branches. Particular attention given to interfering and over-reaching horses.

Ship Work, Carriage and Tool Work of all kinds promptly attended to.

Stone Tool Sharpening a Specialty.

NO. 118 MARKET ST.

A NEW MOVE.

**New Hampshire Y. M. C. A.
Secures A State Secretary.**

**Alfred H. Wardle Of Poughkeepsie,
N. Y., Accepts The Position.**

**His Labor's To Commence In This
State September First.**

Manchester, May 23.—Alfred H. Wardle, for eight years general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has accepted an invitation to become the Y. M. C. A. state secretary for New Hampshire, and will begin his work in this state on Sept. 1. State headquarters will be maintained at Concord and the secretary will reside there.

This information was given out Thursday by E. Scott Owen of Portsmouth, or Concord rather, as he is about to move his business to the state capital, he being in town for a few hours and having a conference with his colleague in the executive committee of the Y. M. C. A. state committee, J. B. Estey.

New Hampshire alone has never had a state secretary since the association has been at work on the modern basis being associated with Vermont or Maine, or both of these states, under the administration of such an officer.

At the meeting held in this city last April, however, it was felt that the time was ripe for a forward movement throughout the state and it was voted to secure the services of a secretary, the matter being left in the hands of the executive committee of the state committee, consisting of J. B. Estey of Manchester, E. Scott Owen and William P. Fiske of Concord. These gentlemen extended a unanimous call to Mr. Wardle, after having a conference with him on May 1, and his letter of acceptance has just been received. He comes to New Hampshire highly recommended.

As has been said, this action is one of the fruits of the April conference held in Manchester. That meeting was an enthusiastic one, and the speakers from the international committee took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the prevailing spirit to emphasize the possibilities of aggressive state work, particularly along the line of corresponding membership and the linking of rural to urban localities by this means. It was noticeable that the drift of the meeting was in the direction of developing these possibilities and toward a general advance movement throughout the state. At the threshold of any such movement, the question of the state secretaryship presented itself and has now been settled by the securing of an experienced man. This in itself is a step in advance of anything ever before taken by the Y. M. C. A. in New Hampshire, and will doubtless lead up to further progress.

KITTERY POINT.

Like going to sleep there passed out of this life all that was mortal of William Brown on Friday afternoon at half past one, at the age of seventy-two years and nine months. Mr. Brown met with a bad fall at the navy club last December, from which he partially recovered, and again went to work, but in February he was lowered to give up active work and has gradually faded ever since, and only a few weeks ago took to his bed. He was a hard working man, a good citizen and a friend to everybody. He followed the sea for some years before coming here to live. He was a very domestic man and a great lover of his home. He leaves a wife. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at the Congregational church of which he had been a member for several years, retiring from the same only because of ill health.

The service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Woodwell, the candidate for the pastorate of this church, two favorite hymns of the deceased being sung by a selected choir. The floral tributes were beautiful and appropriate, the one from his fellow workmen being especially handsome. Interment was in the cemetery near the church, the pall bearers being: Wallace Jackson, Jeremiah Hobbs, John S. Safford.

The failure of the owners (?) of the town's beach at Sea Point, at the appointed time at the recent session of York county court, looks to the casual observer as if they had begun to see the error of their way. While the matter has not been settled it is not likely that the other side will let the matter drop, and the outcome will be watched with interest.

Jesse K. Billings, station agent at the Salmon Falls station of the northern division of the Boston & Maine railroad, was in town over Sunday, the guest of his parents.

A large gang of paper hangers are at work on the summer residence of Stephen B. Decatur. The exterior of the house, as well as the grounds, looks very fine.

It has been practically decided to extend a call to the clergyman who for the past three Sundays has supplied the pulpit of the Congregational church.

Hotel Champernowne will open June 1st, when several guests will arrive. Bert J. Howe, of Portsmouth, will again be clerk of this popular hotel.

The open cars of the local street railway were run during the day Sunday and the large patronage was a testimonial of the public's appreciation.

The lobster fishermen have put their gear into the water and report some good catches. This favorite shellfish is always in great demand.

Capt. Henry A. Marden is overseeing the repairs and improvements that are in progress on the ferries of the P. & M. street railway. Henry is a

THE INTREPID BLACKBURN.

He Starts Again In His Little Boat On a Long Cruise.

Captain Howard Blackburn, Gloucester's intrepid, fingerless navigator, sailed away, shortly after midnight, Sunday, in his little boat, the Great Western, for a long cruise. The Great Western is the boat in which he made the voyage alone to Lisbon, Portugal. His previous experience in that direction was in the Great Republic, a small boat in which he sailed to Gloucester, Eng.

Captain Blackburn will sail to New York, thence up the Hudson, through the Erie canal, down the Illinois river and the Chicago drainage canal to the Mississippi to New Orleans, stopping at all the principal cities en route.

He expects to reach New Orleans next December. Thence he will sail around the gulf of Mexico to Pensacola and Key West, across to Havana, around the island of Cuba to Porto Rico, thence to Martinique, over to Panama or Nicaragua, where the canal will be built, and down the Brazilian coast. He expects to be home in 1904.

He will go alone, except that he will be accompanied by Matthew Greer as far as New York. Mr. Greer shipped to go to New York a half hour before sailing, when advised of Mr. Blackburn's sudden determination to sail, Greer has never been to New York and says he wants to see the town.

CLIPPINGS.

Mr. Carnegie says that England will in the course of time become an American state. This should put England on its good behavior. The prize is worth trying for.—Washington Star.

With a tornado in Texas, a cloudburst in Iowa, a water spout in Ohio, volcanic eruptions in Martinique, a coal strike in Pennsylvania and riots in New York ought we not to be thankful that we live in peace and safety in our New England homes?—Newburyport News.

A Portsmouth paper proudly boasts that notable men come and go so frequently in that town that the papers hardly mention the fact of their presence. Of course it is understood that this condition exists because Portsmouth is the gateway to the pleasant shores of York.—York Courier and Transcript.

One despatch from South Africa contains the surprising statement that Gen. DeWet has become one of the strongest advocates of peace. The statement seems hardly possible, but the key is given in another despatch from the same country which relates that during the recent conference between the British and Boer leaders, the British officers taught DeWet how to play bridge whist. He probably has no time or inclination for war now.—Haverhill Gazette.

It is quite noticeable that democratic organs which clamored for interference by the government in the matter of the recent seemingly unnecessary rise in the price of meats, are now industriously trying to prove that the movement of the government against the trust will not amount to anything, or will be held along indefinitely in the courts. Instead of recognizing the fact that the administration has taken action and is making all possible progress, the opposition seem to be disgruntled because the very thing they clamored for had been done. It is hard to satisfy them.—Waltham Free-Press-Tribune.

The American garrison withdrew from Cuba yesterday, and the Cuban replaced the American flag exactly as was pledged and promised four years ago. England is still in Egypt and has no intention of leaving. The Sudan, conquered in the Khedive's name, is administered by England and under the English flag. France retains Tunis, after a "temporary" occupation twenty-two years ago. Madagascar, taken to "redress certain grievances," is still held. So does England hold Aden. Russia has never surrendered Batumi or made it a free port, as was promised. The world is dotted with these broken agreements. The United

ROOF RUST

—is unknown to the house covered with MF Roofing Tin. Moisture cannot penetrate the extra heavy plating of pure tin and new lead that makes MF roofing the best protection to a house. It is impervious to rust.

MF Roofing Tin

does not require renewal in an ordinary lifetime—although it costs a little more than the ordinary tin that soon rusts away. This trade mark is stamped on every sheet. Ask your roofer,

or C. W. CRONMETER, Agent, address: Carnegie Building, Pittsburgh, and receive illustrated book on roofing.

AMERICAN TIN PLATE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

States kept alive its pledges to Cuba. As this promise has been kept—though all the world doubted—so our promise in the Philippines will be kept.—Philadelphia Press.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Rockingham County Auxiliaries of the Woman's Board of Missions.

The annual meeting of the Rockingham County Auxiliaries of the Woman's Board of Missions was held in the vestry of the First church in Exeter, May 21st, and was one of genuine interest.

After the routine business of the morning had been transacted, Miss M. A. Page of Atkinson read a paper on Miss Stone's life and work. This was especially appropriate in view of the fact that she had been present at the meeting seven years before.

Mrs. French, of Canada, read a letter from Miss Colby of Osaka, Japan. Mrs. Ballantine of India, was introduced and spoke briefly of the encouraging aspects of missionary work. She said that the last five years had accomplished more in India than the preceding eighty-five.

Mrs. Thayer of Portsmouth led the morning devotional service.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Bourne of Exeter made a practical address on various phases of mission work at home. Miss DeMeritt, of Exeter, gave a solo. Mrs. Ballantine, assisted by four young girls in native costumes, gave an interesting address on her experiences in India, which she called the "land of contrasts." She described the schools, the life of the women and children, the work of the Bible women, and the new openings for personal work made by the famine.

Several other ladies made brief addresses.

POLICE HAVE THEM.

Soldiers Charged With Vandalism In New Castle Have Been Turned Over To The Portsmouth Authorities.

John Kerr and Byron Swan, the two artillerists at Fort Constitution who are charged with being concerned in the recent vandalism at New Castle, are now in the custody of the Portsmouth police. Officers Kelly and Seymour went down to the fort and got them on Thursday evening, on papers made out by County Solicitor Kelley. The soldiers will have a hearing this Friday morning in the police court. The charge against them is breaking and entering.

CAST FIRST VOTE FOR VAN BUREN.

Toppan Leavitt, aged eighty-three, a prominent citizen of North Hampton, died Thursday. He was a descendant in the seventh generation from Thomas Leavitt, who settled in Hampton in 1639. He was a carpenter, but farming had been his chief pursuit. He cast his first vote in 1840 for Martin Van Buren, and had voted for every democratic presidential candidate since. He had served North Hampton many terms as selectman and in other offices. He leaves two sons and a daughter by his first marriage, and one son by his second.

TEAM STOLEN AT NEWBURYPORT.

Marshal Entwistle has received a postal from Charles W. Maguire of Newburyport asking him to be on the lookout for a team stolen at that place about a year ago. The horse was driven away by a young man about 17 years old, who weighed 215 pounds, wore a light suit and soft hat. The horse was a bay weighing 900 pounds, breast plate harness and Corning top buggy.

Ill-Timed Discussion.

In the story of the Indian mutiny by J. W. Scherer the author describes an Englishman, John Power, as gifted with what may be called audacity of courage. One night, while the English were encamped in a somewhat warm locality, Power, Scherer and Gregson, a minister, went to visit the posts on the extreme right. He says:

Most of the way we skirted along the bank which had been thrown up and where at short intervals soldiers were seated ready to start up and fire if occasion should call. The walk seemed safe and quiet, but there were occasional bright spaces lighted by the shining moon where one's figure came out distinctly and might have formed a very good mark for anybody in the trees or buildings.

Mr. Gregson, as a minister of religion, and I, the father of a family, thought it advisable to cross these patches at double quick, but nothing would induce John Power to accelerate his saunter.

"What are you afraid of?" cried he. "Oh," said I vaguely, wishing to justify my action, "I do not care about myself!"

"Then please to say," continued our imperturbable companion, stopping in one of the bright patches to dispute the point, "for whose sake you do run!"

It was a pertinent question, but we did not discuss it.

Pretty Near Fleesh.

"An Italian prelate who believes himself a master of the English language," says a correspondent of an English paper, "was while an honored guest at a famous college asked to preach at the high mass on Sunday. His discourse was diversified by uddo gisms that kept our attention alive, if they sometimes disordered our gravity, which finally collapsed under the proposition:

"There are, my brethren, three enemies against whom, all our long, we are bound to fight—the devil, the world and" (for a moment he pondered earnestly) "the meat."

Gentle Bloodhounds.

The following notes on the "aptitude" of a young English bloodhound, absolutely untrained, show the material which the breed presents for development. When a puppy, it naturally followed its master by scent, patting its nose down at once on to the grass path of the garden. Later it was seen to pick up the scent of its master 48 hours old and run it for two miles home across gravelly footpaths near London. It was taught to amuse itself by hitting off his track and finding him in a large wood, which it did very successfully, and on Eastbourne, downs ran a three mile course when the ground was hard frozen and snow was lying in the hollows. With a strong wind blowing across the trail it ran parallel with this, but from 50 yards to 100 yards to leeward, at such a headlong pace that it more than once went head over heels in snowdrifts.

Like almost all bloodhounds, this was a gentle animal and very teachable, would fetch slippers, "miud" babies, and of its own accord struck up a friendship with the police, whose fire at the "office" he frequently shared, and was poisoned, presumably by burglars, who had broken into several houses in the neighborhood.—London Spectator.

Severe Rebuke.

Constable, the famous painter, once gave a remarkable instance of the sweetness of his temper, which scarcely anything could ruffle. The story is told by Julian Charles Young, whose uncle had witnessed its incident.

He called on Constable one day and was received by him in his front room. After half an hour's chat the artist proposed to repair to the back room to show him a large picture on which he was engaged.

On walking up to his easel he found that one of his little boys, in his absence, had dashed the handle of the hearth broom through the canvas and made so large a rent in it as to render its restoration impossible. He called the child up to him and asked him gently if he had done it. When the boy admitted his act, Constable took him on his knee and rebuked him in those unmeasured terms:

"Oh, my dear pot! See what we have done! Dear, dear! What shall we do to mend it? I can't think—can you?"

A CASE OF IT.

Many More Like It In Portsmouth.

The following case is but one of many similar occurring daily in Portsmouth. It is an easy matter to verify its correctness. Surely you cannot ask for better proof than such conclusive evidence.

Mr. George W. Lord of 44 Congress street, says:—"Occasionally I had an attack of lame back and pain in the loins. The latter was caused from simply moving a small stand as I was retiring for the night. I felt it all through me, causing a sort of nausea, a disagreeable sensation in the head, tenderness over the loins, backache and trouble with the kidney secretions. At first the pain was acute, then it settled down to a dull grinding ache. I happened to read something about Doan's Kidney Pills. The recommendations were so positive and the representations were so convincing I concluded to try them and went to Philbrick's pharmacy and got a box. I only took a few doses before they relieved me. The second night after taking them I was able to sleep soundly all the time. Soon I was quite free from the aching lameness and other inconveniences."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-McMunn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

Professional Cards.

W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.,
Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
Portsmouth, N. H.
OFFICE HOURS: } A. M., 9 to 12
} P. M., 1 to 6
} 7 to 10 Evenings

C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.
DENTAL ROOMS, 10 MARKET SQUARE
Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.
84 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.
Office Hours:
10 A. M. to 4 P. M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

SOLE AGENTS FOR

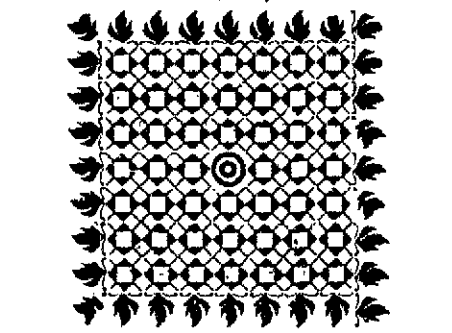
OLD COMPANY LEHIGH COALS

ALSO

Reading and Wilkesbarre Coals

Best Preparation Obtainable In This City.

137 MARKET ST.



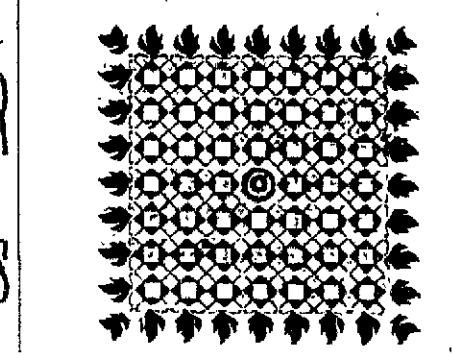
THE HERALD

Has The Finest

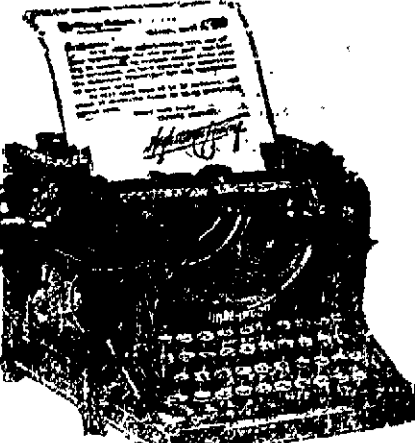
JOB PRINTING PLANT

In The City.

Finest Work Reasonable Prices.



Underwood Typewriter



EVERY LETTER IN SIGHT.

Principle New	Operation Unobscured
Writing Visible	Tabulating Rapidly
Speed Increased	Billing Speed
Touch Elastic	Strength Maintained
Automatic Conventions	Actual Advantages

Examine the

UNDERWOOD

At the Herald Office



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH,

LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR

20 High Street.

The only new announcement that can be said of the celebrated

7-20-4

10c CIGAR

Is the sales are constantly increasing in the old territory and meeting with big success in new fields.

R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,
Manchester, N. H.

OLIVER W. HAM.

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

—AND—

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59-2.

RIPANS

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach. It is a powerful laxative, and its use is recommended by the most eminent physicians for many little ailments that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general tonic up. The five-cent bottle is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle of one dollar contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

THE HERALD.

(Formerly The Evening Post)
ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER 23, 1864.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.
Terms \$1.00 a year, when paid in advance, 15 cents a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.
Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.
Communications should be addressed
HERALD PUBLISHING CO.,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

F. W. HARTFORD,
B. M. TILTON
Editors and Proprietors.

Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H. Post Office second class mail matter.

For Portsmouth
and
Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald.
More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1902.

HOW HAVERHILL SEES IT.

It is said that all the plans of the Republican state machine across the New Hampshire state line for the gubernatorial succession are in danger of an upset, and the managers are in a state of great worry. The wheels should have worked perfectly for the nomination and election of Nahum J. Bachevalier, who has been diligently cultivating the farmer vote and in his spare minutes cultivating the friendship of certain other influential interests in the Granite state for those many years. In fact, "it was written" that he should become governor, and all of the other possibilities were laughed at. Now there are no smiles when the name of Tennant of Shaw Falls is mentioned. He was the center of interest at the recent gathering at Hampton, and from various sections of the state a surprising popularity is developed which is causing the managers to do a thinking part for the time.—Haverhill Gazette.

SNAP SHOTS.

He's with us again—the man with the straw hat.

In his excess of passion, it looks as if Mont Pelée might destroy itself before it cools off.

Let's see, weren't we informed by London that May 20 would see peace secured on the South African front?

It is worthy of note that J. Pierpont doesn't seem to be trying to form any corner in real estate of the volcano kind.

Charles Russell's Sars is probably letting that severe cold of his cure itself—a bottle of cough syrup would cost too much.

If it is true, as some of the scholars would have us believe, that Adam and Eve were only myths, we shall have to go to work and hunt up our ancestors all over again.

The congressional cake hasn't been given the "water-cure" yet—whether from New England, California, Dakota, or Arkansas, the national hot makers can get their favorite beverage.

Strawberry shortcakes, planked shad, lobster salad, baked cod, spumach, baked beans, and brown bread, cream pie—O yes, we're getting three square meals every day, and growing fat, quite regardless of what is doing in the best line.

"How many quarts in a gallon?" asked the teacher.

"Six," answered the little son of the market man.

"No, no, Johnny. Only four."

"Huh, guess I've seen 'em sell enough strawberries to know."—Baltimore American.

He (after a quarrel, bitterly)—I was a fool when I married you.

She (quietly, about to leave the room)—Yes, but I thought you would improve!—Punch.

"And what did pay say?"

"He said it was all right."

"Didn't he seem very reluctant?"

"I can't say that he did. When I told him that I came to ask him for your hand he muttered something that sounded very much like 'Thank heaven, at last!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ON THE DIAMOND.

The Philadelphia Americans seem to be doing pretty well without Lajoie.

A game won or lost is likely to make a difference of two places in the standing of a team in the American league.

There is not a hopeless team in the New England league, now that Nashua and Haverhill have been strengthened.

Klobedanz, for many years with the Boston Nationals and later with Worcester of the Eastern league, is pitching good ball for Lawrence.

Amherst won from Dartmouth at Hanover, on Wednesday, seven to four. Rollins pitched for Dartmouth and Kane was in the box for Tufts.

Yale defeated Lehigh, twelve to two, Princeton overwhelmed Wesleyan, twenty-one to nothing, and Holy Cross won from Williams ten to one, on Wednesday.

Jack Farrell, of Manchester, who pitched for Lewiston in the New England league early last season, and later went with the Manchester team, has signed with Concord.

AT WARWICK CLUB.

Invitation Social An Affair Of Much Enjoyment.

New-Comers To The City Were The Guests Of Honor.

Entertainment Of An Informal Nature Provided In Plenty.

The Warwick club tendered a reception, in its rooms on Thursday evening, to the strangers who are now employed or have recently located in Portsmouth and vicinity. A large number of invitations were sent out, and almost every one was accepted. The company was the largest which ever assembled in the Warwick club rooms, and the occasion proved most enjoyable. The affair was strictly informal. The rooms were thrown open to the guests, each one of whom was bidden to enjoy himself in the way which suited him best. The members of the club took the visitors in charge, however, and gave an excellent practical illustration of Portsmouth hospitality. The gramophone belonging to Hon. Calvin Page, a most excellent instrument, by the way, was kept at work throughout the evening, and the pool and billiard tables were in use almost every moment. A most appetizing lunch was served consisting of salads, sandwiches, crackers and cheese, coffee and olives. Cottrell & Walsh did the catering, which statement alone is sufficient guarantee of excellent service. Among the guests of the club were the following gentlemen: J. C. Morrigan, Capt. W. H. Jacques, R. S. Forsburg, R. L. Forsburg, Seymour Locke, F. W. Lund, Lieut. Shipley, Commander Blocker, J. Russell Bickford, J. D. Hussey, F. A. Larkin, W. L. Bowker, Charles W. Chappell, E. W. Spring, E. S. Daniels, J. D. Duncan, S. O. Wade.

The reception committee was made up of the following members of the club: Howe Call, A. C. Anderson, J. K. Bates, W. E. Marvin, M. W. Ayers, G. B. Wallace, H. C. Locke, T. H. Rider, G. A. Wood, C. P. Shillaber, J. H. Bartlett, L. Pope, Jr.

Howe Call, Arthur W. Walker and Hon. Calvin Page were the members of the committee in charge of the sending out of invitations.

PROBATE COURT.

Exeter, May 2.—The following business was transacted in the probate court of Rockingham county during the week ending May 22.

Administration granted—in estates of Josephine Leonard, Epping, John Leonard, administrator; Charlotte Cook, Windham, Benjamin A. Cook, administrator; Charles E. Trefethen, Portsmouth, Harriet Trefethen, administrator.

Inventory returned—in estate of Andrew J. Currier, South Hampton.

Accounts rendered—in estate of Philip H. Morse, South Hampton.

Accounts filed—in estates of Peter Hardy, Kingston, Joseph H. Hill, Northwood.

Will filed—Of Andrew G. Dudley, Brentwood.

Receipts filed—in estate of Martha J. Morse, South Hampton; Philip H. Morse, South Hampton; John H. Kinn, Portsmouth.

Guardian appointed—Joseph R. Rowe over Lucy Guphill, East Kingston, Ella C. Follansbee over Mary E. Prescott, Exeter; Frederick H. Curtis over Sidney T. Curtis, Christinetuck Curtis and Malcom Curtis, Exeter.

Commissioner's notice filed—in estate of John J. Merrill, Salem.

License granted to sell real property in estate of Charles W. Chapman, Newmarket.

CITY SIDELIGHTS.

Portsmouth has a number of parks, in fact no less than three, within its limits. There is Goodwin park, with its soldiers' and sailors' monument, fronting on Islington and State streets, Langdon park, on South street.

RICKETY CHILDREN.

As likely to think of chairs as of children when we use that word rickety.

Children with loose joints, bow-legs, and soft bones have rickets. It is a disease due to improper feeding—and a typical disease for the workings of Scott's Emulsion.

For the weak growth of the bones Scott's Emulsion supplies those powerful tonics, the hypophosphites.

For the loss of flesh Scott's Emulsion provides the nourishing cod-liver oil in an easily digestible form.

It is these things that account for the rapidity with which Scott's Emulsion cures rickets.

Rickety children improve in every way under its influence.

Send for Free Sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 19 Pearl St., N. Y.

The Herald's Daily Puzzle.



THE LADY IS LOOKING FOR HER DOG. WHERE IS IT?

MORE MEAT RIOTS.

Enraged Hebrews Cause Police A Lot Of Trouble In Boston.

Boston, May 22.—There were additional outbreaks at the West end tonight, growing out of the Hebrew meat trouble, and twelve arrests were made by the police. A crowd of 5000 people assembled at the corner of Chambers and Brighton streets and smashed windows and created a general disturbance until hustled away. Earlier in the evening two smaller demonstrations were made in different parts of the West end, when windows of some of the boycotted meat shops were smashed and stones, brickbats and decayed vegetables were thrown around promiscuously.

That new chimney for the plant of the Rockingham Light and Power company is going to be fairly tall when it is completed. It is already so far above the street, that the men working at the top look like dwarfs, and it is far from reaching its full height. The man who lays the last brick will certainly be well above the bustle and tumult of the street.

AT THE HOTELS.

All the local hotels were well patronized on Thursday. Among the guests at the different houses may be mentioned the following: W. C. Bailey, of Boston and W. K. Merrill of Brookline, Mass., at the Merrick; H. A. Aldrich of Boston and Gardner B. Greene of New York at the Kennerly; W. H. Tenney, Jr., William E. Torrey of Boston, Robert C. Lowry and Edwin S. Miller of New York, at the Rockingham.

S. B. Whitney, the noted organist, of Boston and Master John B. Findlay, the famous boy soprano, of Quincy, Mass., registered at the Rockingham on Thursday. Master Findlay sang at Christ church Thursday evening and Mr. Whitney played the accompaniment for him on the organ.

"So you're a Portsmouth newspaper man," said a traveling man stopping at one of the local hotels, to the writer on Thursday. "Well, I'm mighty glad to see you. I want to say that, while I like this old town first rate, there are some improvements that a stranger might suggest that a resident might never think of. For instance, some of your sidewalks might be put in better condition. Again, it seems to me that you have more street lights than are necessary in some places, and not enough in others. Another thing, it seems to me that if the street sprinkler came around often and didn't drench the streets as it does when it does come around that some of this mud might be gotten rid of. These are little things I know, and I don't want you to think that I'm kidding, but really, don't you think that if these suggestions were followed there would be quite an improvement?"

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The cornice and slate workers have started on the new smith shop.

The new topmasts for the Detroit were put in place Thursday by the riggers.

All the tested choirs, who are here from out of town, will visit the yard today, Friday, in a body.

Yards and docks, workmen have just completed a job at the general store that has long been needed.

A large consignment of iron work has arrived from Cooper & Wigard of New Jersey, for the new equipment building.

The tug Sioux will come out of the dry dock today, Friday, and the blocking and other attachments are being made ready for the U. S. S. Detroit to go in next Monday.

Mail Carrier Brown was loaded down on one of his trips Thursday with a sample patent medicine. Nearly every man on the yard received a sample package through the mail.

Leslie E. Bickford, a clipper and caulker employed in the construction gang, met with a most painful accident on Thursday. He was working on the tug Sioux in the dry dock, when he was hit in the eye with a large bolt. He was taken to the yard dispensary and later went to his home in Kittery.

PERSONALS.

J. Albert Walker of Boston is passing a few days in town.

George A. Wood and Dr. E. S. Towle leave today for the wilds of Maine, on a fishing trip of two weeks duration.

The members of the Friendship club were entertained by Miss Ellen Gammon on Thursday afternoon and evening.

The marriage of Miss Abbie Buckley of Columbia court and Peter Hickey of Islington road will take place soon.

Rev. C. H. Tucker of this city delivered the closing discourse at the annual meeting of the Rockingham association of Free Baptist churches in Dover on Thursday afternoon.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Wagon's Serrano Syrup has been used for children testing. It cures the cold, soothes the lungs, relieves the pain, cures whooping cough, and is the best remedy for heartburn, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When doctors fail try Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures dyspepsia, constipation, invigorates the whole system.

"The Crossroads of Goodness?"

LILLIAN RUSSELL

5¢ CIGAR

HAND MADE **NOT MADE IN A MOULD**

GOOD VALUE **GOOD SMOKE**

NEVER DISAPPOINTED!

People are learning to expect more for their money and better satisfaction at our establishment than elsewhere, and they are never disappointed when they try our

FAMOUS TEAS AND COFFEES

No wonder our trade doubles every year when we can offer

The Choicest Garden For The Very Finest Java and Mocha Tea at 50c lb.

We are never undersold, quality considered. Our customers get the benefit of the wholesale buying for our Fifteen Stores.

AMES' BUTTER AND TEA STORE,

35 CONGRESS ST., PORTSMOUTH.

OTHER STORES: Boston, Pittsburg, Everett, Gloucester, Westfield, Leominster, Quincy, Clinton, Newburyport, Woburn, Attleboro, Dover, Nashua, Northampton.

Henry Payser & Son

Offer for the Spring Season a Complete Stock of all the New and Stylish Fabrics in MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHES.

Parents are especially invited to visit the enlarged and re-fitted Children's Dept.

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement

100 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the Principal Government and Other Public Works.

And has received the commendation of Engineers, Architects and Consumers generally. Forgets wanting cement should not be staid. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY:

JOHN H. BROUGHTON

H. W. NICKERSON,

LICENSED EMBALMER

—AND—

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

6 Daniel St. Portsmouth.

Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.

Telephone at office and residence.

LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.
Pres., John T. Mallon;
Vice Pres., James Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Francis Quinn.
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.
Meets at A. O. H. hall, fourth Sunday of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.
Pres., Gordon Preble;
Sec., E. W. Clark.
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 483.
Pres., William B. Randall;
Vice Pres., Harrison O. Hout;
Rec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young;
Sec. Treas., Arthur G. Brewster;
Sergt. at Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.
Meets in Peirce hall, second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.
Pres., William T. Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Donald A. Randall.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.
Pres., Stanton Truman;
Sec., John Molloy.
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 309.
Pres., John Harrington;
Sec., William Dunn.
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.
Pres., E. P. Gidney;
Sec., M. J. Miller.
Meets 38 Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.
Pres., William Harrison;
Sec., Walter Staples.
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.
Pres., John Gorman;
Sec., James D. Brooks.
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BARBERS.
Pres., John Long;
Sec., Frank Ham.
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.
Pres., John T. Mallon;
Sec., James McNaughton.
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.
Pres., Frank Dennett;
Rec. Sec., John Parsons.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.
Pres., Jere. Conlig;
Sec., Michael Leyden.
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLERS.
Pres., Dennis E. Drislane;
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall, High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.
Pres., Albert Adams;
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;
Fin. Sec., John Connell.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.
Pres., Charles E. Whitehouse;
Sec., James L. Chickering.
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

W. E. Paul RANGES

—AND—

PARLOR STOVES

KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enamelled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts.

39 to 45 Market Street

BOSTON & MAINE B. B.

EASTERN DIVISION.
Winter Arrangement.
(In Effect October 14, 1901.)

Leave Portsmouth
For Boston—8:50, 7:20, 8:15, 10:58, a. m.; 2:21, 5:00, 7:28, p. m. Sunday, 8:50, 10:00, a. m.; 2:21, 5:00, p. m.
For Portland—9:55, 10:45, a. m.; 2:45, 5:22, 8:50, 9:20, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45, a. m.; 8:55, p. m.
For Wells Beach—9:55, a. m.; 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.
For Old Orchard and Portland—9:55, a. m.; 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.
For North Conway—9:55, a. m.; 2:45, 5:22, p. m.
For Somersworth—4:50, 9:45, 9:55, a. m.; 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30 p. m.
For Rochester—9:45, 9:55, a. m.; 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30, p. m.
For Dover—4:50, 9:45, a. m.; 12:15, 2:40, 5:22, 8:52, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45, a. m.; 8:57, p. m.
For North Hampton and Hampton—7:20, 8:15, 10:53, a. m.; 5:00, p. m. Sunday, 8:00, a. m.; 5:00, p. m.
Trains for Portsmouth
Leave Boston—7:30, 9:00, 10:10, a. m.; 12:30, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45, p. m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00, a. m.; 6:40, 7:00, p. m.
Leave Portland—2:00, 9:00, a. m.; 12:45, 6:00, p. m. Sunday, 2:00, a. m.; 12:45, p. m.
Leave North Conway—7:25, a. m.; 4:15, p. m.
Leave Rochester—7:19, 9:47, a. m.; 5:50, 6:25, p. m. Sunday, 7:00, a. m.
Leave Somersworth—6:25, 7:32, 10:00, a. m.; 4:05, 6:39, p. m.
Leave Dover—6:50, 10:24, a. m.; 1:40, 4:30, 6:30, 9:20, p. m. Sunday, 7:30, a. m.; 9:25, p. m.
Leave Hampton—9:22, 11:50, a. m.; 2:13, 4:59, 6:16, p. m. Sunday, 6:26, 10:06, a. m.; 8:09, p. m.
Leave North Hampton—9:23, 11:55, a. m.; 2:19, 5:05, 6:21, p. m. Sunday, 6:30, 10:12, a. m.; 8:15, p. m.
Leave Greenland—9:35, a. m.; 12:01, 2:25, 5:11, 6:27, p. m. Sunday, 8:35, 10:18, a. m.; 8:20, p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch.
Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and Intermediate stations:
Portsmouth—8:30, a. m.; 12:45, 5:26, p. m.
Greenland Village—8:39, a. m.; 12:54, 5:33, p. m.
Rockingham Junction—9:07, a. m.; 1:07, 5:58, p. m.
Epping—9:22, a. m.; 1:21, 6:14, p. m.
Raymond—9:32, a. m.; 1:32, 6:25, p. m.
Returning leave
Concord—7:45, 10:25, a. m.; 3:30, p. m.
Manchester—8:32, 11:10, a. m.; 4:20, p. m.
Raymond—9:10, 11:48, a. m.; 5:02, p. m.
Epping—9:22, a. m.; 12:00, a. m.; 5:15, p. m.
Rockingham Junction—9:47, a. m.; 12:17, 5:55, p. m.
Greenland Village—10:01, a. m.; 12:25, 6:08, p. m.
Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodbury, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.
Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.
D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Boston & Maine Railroad

LOWEST RATES
FAST TRAIN SERVICE
BETWEEN
BOSTON and CHICAGO,
St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis
AND ALL POINTS
WEST, NORTHWEST, SOUTHWEST.
Pullman Parlor or Sleeping Cars on all through trains.
For tickets and information apply to principal ticket office of the Company.
D. J. FLANDERS,
Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Boston.

PORTSMOUTH Electric Railway.

Time Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 26, 1901

Main Line.
Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head, connecting for Exeter and Newburyport, at 7:05 a. m., 8:05 and hourly until 8:05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 8:30 a. m.; 8:55 a. m. and 10:05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8:05 and 9:05 p. m.; 1:05, 5:05, 7:05, 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. Cars make close connection for North Hampton.
Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8:03 a. m., 9:05 and hourly until 9:05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 8:10 a. m.; 8:30 a. m. and 10:35 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head at 9:10 and 10:10 p. m.
Plains Loop.
Up Middle Street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m.; 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at 10:35 and 11:05.
Up Islington Street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m.; 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at 10:35 and 11:05. Last car each night runs to car barn only. Running time to Plains, 12 minutes.
Christian Shore Line.
Leave Market Square for B. & M. Station and Christian Shore at 6:25 a. m.; 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at 10:35 and 11:05.
Returning—Leave Corner Bartlett and Morning Streets at 6:10 a. m.; 6:50, 7:20 and half-hourly until 9:50 p. m., and at 10:20 and 10:50.
*Omitted Sundays.
*Saturdays only.
W. T. Perkins, D. J. Flanders, Supt. G. P. & T. A.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry.

TIME TABLE.
April 1 Until September 30.
Leaves Navy Yard—7:55, 8:20, 8:40, 9:15, 10:00, 10:30, 11:45 a. m.; 1:35, 2:00, 2:40, 4:05, 5:00, 5:50, 7:45 p. m. Sundays, 10:00, 10:15 a. m.; 12:15, 12:35 p. m. Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m.
Leaves Portsmouth—8:30, 8:50, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00 a. m.; 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00, 10:00 p. m. Sundays 10:07 a. m.; 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:00 m.
*Wednesdays and Saturdays.
P. F. HARRINGTON, Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard.
Approved: B. J. CROMWELL, Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Commandant.

Take the Joy Line

NEW YORK.
SEMI-WEEKLY DELIGHTFUL Short Sea Trip From Boston, the way by water. Through the Sound by Daylight. \$3.00 Including berth in Stateroom. Ideal Tourist Route.
GEO. F. TILTON, C. P. Agt.

Get Estimates

FROM THE HERALD ON
JOB PRINTING.
For neat and attractive Printing there is no better place.
CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.
WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones and the removal of weeds and grass to work at the residences he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.
Cemetery lots for sale, as so soon and Turf Orders left at low rates, corner of Rice and Avenue and North street, or by mail, or by Oliver W. Haffner, corner to N. & Pine & Market Street, will receive prompt attention.
M. J. GRIFFIN.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.
A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. A.
Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St. Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.
Officers—Robert M. Herrick, P. C.; Allison L. Phinney, N. C.; Charles Charlsen, V. C.; Fred Heiser, H. P.; Wilbur Gerry, V. H.; Albert H. Jenkins, S. H.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. R.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; C. W. Hansen, C. of E.
PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 1, O. U. A.
Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursdays of each month.
Officers—William P. Gardner, C.; Charles B. Allen, V. C. Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank S. Langley, F. S.; J. W. Marton, T.; Charles W. Hanscom, Ind.; Malcomb D. Stuart, Ex.; William C. Berry, I. P.; William Emery, O. P.; Harry Hersum, Trustee.

Old India Pale Ale

Homestead Ale
AND
Nourishing Stout
Are specially brewed and bottled by
THE FRANK JONES Brewing Co.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
Ask your Dealer for them.
BOTTLED IN PINTS AND QUARTS
The Best Spring Tonic on the Market.

Granite State Fire Insurance Company

of Portsmouth, N. H.
Paid-Up Capital. \$200,000.
OFFICERS:
FRANK JONES, President.
JOHN W. SANBORN, Vice President.
ALFRED F. HOWARD, Secretary.
JOHN W. EMERY, Asst. Secretary.
JUSTIN V. HANSCOM, Treasurer.
FRANK JONES, JOHN W. SANBORN, JUSTIN V. HANSCOM, ALBERT WALLACE, and E. H. WINCHESTER, Executive Committee.

Buy Now!

We just received a new lot of Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages. Also a large line of new 2nd second hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices. Just drop around and look at them even if you do not want to buy.
THOMAS McCUE.
Stone Stable - Fleet Street.

PECULIAR INSURANCE

THE SYSTEM THAT ICELAND ENFORCED CENTURIES AGO.

In the Golden Age of the Island Republic Protection Against Loss by Fire Was Compulsory—Methods by Which Damage and Compensation Were Decided.
Centuries before the wise citizens of London recognized the value of fire insurance there existed a most interesting form of it, and that not in any of the great commercial nations of the middle ages, but in a remote island of the Atlantic—in Iceland.
This fact, remarkable as it is in itself, will not seem so surprising to those who are acquainted with the ancient condition of that country, which has for several hundred years played but a small part in European history. Its first colonists, in the end of the ninth and beginning of the tenth centuries, were among the most enterprising of Norway's sons, and for the next three centuries their new home rivaled the mother country in most respects and far excelled it in mental activity. The old poetry of Norway died out about the year 1000 A. D. and from that date, so long as there were skalds at the court of the Norwegian kings, they were Icelanders.
At the same time they were careful farmers, daring seamen and enterprising traders. They traded regularly with all the neighboring countries and thought little of an overland journey to Constantinople, where many of them served in the bodyguard of the Byzantine emperor. At home, next to the necessary care of their herds and flocks, they were above all devoted to poetry, history and law. To be skilled in the latter was a sure title to respect at a time when lawbooks were still unknown and codes were carried in the head of the "lawman" or declared by the "law speaker" at the meetings of the althing, or yearly assembly.
In the thirteenth century these laws of use and went came to be written down, not officially, it would seem, as happened in other countries, but by persons interested in legal studies, and they are now preserved in a collection commonly known as Gra-gas, or gray goose (a name of doubtful origin), which is used as a general name for the laws of Iceland prior to its union with Norway in 1262.
It is in this collection of laws that the interesting item of compensation for loss by fire occurs, a section which is quoted by the editor of an Icelandic journal in a series of articles on the ancient civilization of Iceland. The editor, Dr. Valtyr Gudmundsson, is one of the best authorities on this subject and uses the quotation as a text to point out to his countrymen the superior foresight of their ancestors in this respect. The modern Icelandic has not yet realized the value of insurance, as shown by the fact that one of the foremost yeomen in the country had his farm burned down three times in succession without its being insured.
It was otherwise in the old days, as Dr. Valtyr points out. In the time of the old republic, the golden age of Iceland, every yeoman farmer was by law compelled to be a member of a mutual insurance society. The method by which compensation for loss of fire was made is thus explained in Gra-gas and is a striking proof of the thoroughly practical views of the old Icelanders:
"There are three houses in every man's dwelling for which compensation may be obtained in event of their being burned down." In Icelandic dwellings each room was a separate building, and so is called a "house." "One is the women's sitting room, another the common sitting room, and the third a pantry where the women prepare the food. If a man has both a sitting room and a hall, then at the spring assembly he shall choose whether he will rather have the sitting room or the hall insured. If there is a church or chapel on any man's farm, then that is the fourth house liable for compensation, where it exists.
"If any of these houses aforementioned is burned down, the owner shall summon five of his neighbors and get them to estimate the damage that has been done. They shall estimate the damage done to the house itself, and also that done to clothes and other valuables burned along with it, but only such clothes and valuables as the owner requires for daily use shall be reckoned for compensation. If a church is burned, there shall be reckoned along with it for compensation all the hangings, the choir and the best bell that has been destroyed, if there were more than one, and all the furniture required for daily use. The same thing shall be done in the case of chapels.
"When the damage had been valued by the neighbors, as above provided, one-half of the loss had to be borne by the yeoman himself, and the other half was made good by all the other yeomen in the district. From each of these a certain amount was levied in proportion to the value of his property, and if this were not paid within a specified time it could be seized by law. At the same time it was provided that no one could be called upon to pay as his share more than 1 per cent of his whole property, and it was not compulsory to compensate the same person for loss by fire more than three times.—Chambers' Journal.

No Microbes on Mountains.
A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet. Here is the place for the party party, and mountaineers who are forever horrifying the public with the dismal fear of microbes would have to take their supply with them, most of which are useful to man. It is pleasing to observe that the microbes do not give himself lofty airs, but as a fellow creature come down to our level and dwell cheerily in our midst.—Revue Scientifique.

A Remarkable Clock.

In one of the town halls in a Japanese city there is a remarkable timepiece. It is contained in a handsome frame, 3 feet wide and 5 feet long. It represents a noontide landscape, very cleverly carried out. In the foreground plum and cherry trees appear in bloom, while in the rear a hill is to be seen, from which flows a pretty cascade, imitated in crystal.
From this cascade flows a tiny stream, which winds its way between rocks and islands and finally loses itself in a stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky a golden sun turns on silver wire, striking the hours on silver gongs as it passes. Each hour is marked by a creeping tortoise. A bird of rich plumage warbles at the close of the hour, and, as the warbling ceases, a mouse suddenly makes its appearance, and, scampering over the hill to the garden, is soon lost to view. Altogether it is a wonderful piece of mechanism.

Missed the Point.

"Professor," said an acquaintance, "you understand Latin, do you not?"
"Well," replied the professor, "I may be said to have a fair knowledge of Latin; yes."
"I know everybody says you have. I wish you would tell me what 'volix' means. Nobody that I have asked seems to have heard the word."
"If there is any such word as volix, madam—of which I have serious doubts—I certainly do not know what it means."
"You surprise me, professor. A man of your attainments ought to know that volix means Vol IX."
The professor devoted a moment to calling up his reserves and bringing his light artillery into action.
"It is no wonder, madam," he said, "that I did not see the point of your joke. You left the point out of it."
—London Tit-Bits.

Those Shrewd Fortune Tellers.

They had their fortunes told by scientific palmistry—separately, lest their marriage should be suspected—and were comparing notes.
"There was only one thing I didn't like," said Angelina, "and that was that—that I was to be married twice."
"What?" Edwin exclaimed.
"It wasn't my fault," pleaded Angelina. "She said it was written in my hand."
"That you were to be married twice?"
"Yes."
"But I'm to be married twice too."
—Pick Me Up.

Stuart and His Snuff.

Gilbert Stuart, the artist, who made so familiar to Americans the features of Washington and his wife, was once visited by two Philadelphia artists. The visit was notable from the fact that Stuart imitated the inebriate who always excluded his exhortation against drinking spirits with, "Do as I tell you, not as I do."
One of the artists asked Stuart for a pinch of snuff from the box in which he was inserting a thumb and finger every few minutes and then applying them to his own nostrils.
"I will give it to you," said Stuart, proffering the box, "but I advise you not to take it. Snuff taking is a vile habit and should be avoided."
"Your practice contradicts your precept, Mr. Stuart," answered the gentleman.
"Sir, I can't help it," replied Stuart. "Let me tell you a story. Once I was traveling during a very dark night, and coaches dumped us in a ditch. We scrambled up, and on finding by examination that our legs and arms were unbroken thought of the poor fellow shut up in the basket with the baggage. He was found senseless and his neck twisted awry.
"A passenger began to untwist the man's neck, that he might set his head straight on his shoulders. The senseless man, recovered by the wrench, roared out:
"Let me alone. Let me alone. I'm not hurt. I was born so. Gentleman," added Stuart, "I was born so. I was born in a snuff mill," and he emphasized the remark by taking an enormous pinch of snuff.
"This," says the author of "Hiberniana in Miniature," "was literally true, as Gilbert Stuart's father, a Scotchman, built the first snuff mill ever erected in New England."

Hats.
The felt hat is as old as Homer. The Greeks made them in skullcaps, conical, truncated, narrow or broad brimmed. The Phrygian bonnet was an elevated cap without a brim, the apex turned over in front. It is known as the cap of liberty. An ancient figure of Liberty in the times of Antoninus Pius, A. D. 115, holds the cap in the right hand. The Persians wore soft caps. Plumed hats were the headgear of the Syrian corps of Xerxes, the broad brim was worn by the Macedonian kings. Castor means a beaver. The Armenian captive were a plug hat.
The merchants of the fourteenth century wore a Flanders beaver. Charles VII in 1469 wore a felt hat lined with red and plumed. The English men and women in 1510 wore close woven or knitted caps. Two centuries ago hats were worn in the house. Pepys in his diary wrote, "September, 1664, got a severe cold because he took off his hat at dinner," and, again, in January, 1665, he got another cold by sitting too long with his head bare, to allow his wife's maid to comb his hair and wash his ears, and Lord Clarendon in his essay, speaking of the decay of respect due the dead, says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner.
In the thirteenth century Pope Innocent IV allowed the cardinals the use of the scarlet cloth hat. The hats now in use are the cloth hat, leather hat, paper hat, silk hat, opera hat, spring, trim hat and straw hat.

A Remarkable Clock.

In one of the town halls in a Japanese city there is a remarkable timepiece. It is contained in a handsome frame, 3 feet wide and 5 feet long. It represents a noontide landscape, very cleverly carried out. In the foreground plum and cherry trees appear in bloom, while in the rear a hill is to be seen, from which flows a pretty cascade, imitated in crystal.
From this cascade flows a tiny stream, which winds its way between rocks and islands and finally loses itself in a stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky a golden sun turns on silver wire, striking the hours on silver gongs as it passes. Each hour is marked by a creeping tortoise. A bird of rich plumage warbles at the close of the hour, and, as the warbling ceases, a mouse suddenly makes its appearance, and, scampering over the hill to the garden, is soon lost to view. Altogether it is a wonderful piece of mechanism.

Missed the Point.

"Professor," said an acquaintance, "you understand Latin, do you not?"
"Well," replied the professor, "I may be said to have a fair knowledge of Latin; yes."
"I know everybody says you have. I wish you would tell me what 'volix' means. Nobody that I have asked seems to have heard the word."
"If there is any such word as volix, madam—of which I have serious doubts—I certainly do not know what it means."
"You surprise me, professor. A man of your attainments ought to know that volix means Vol IX."
The professor devoted a moment to calling up his reserves and bringing his light artillery into action.
"It is no wonder, madam," he said, "that I did not see the point of your joke. You left the point out of it."
—London Tit-Bits.

Those Shrewd Fortune Tellers.

They had their fortunes told by scientific palmistry—separately, lest their marriage should be suspected—and were comparing notes.
"There was only one thing I didn't like," said Angelina, "and that was that—that I was to be married twice."
"What?" Edwin exclaimed.
"It wasn't my fault," pleaded Angelina. "She said it was written in my hand."
"That you were to be married twice?"
"Yes."
"But I'm to be married twice too."
—Pick Me Up.

THE ALBINO BEAVER.

THIS FREAK OF NATURE ONE OF THE RAREST OF ANIMALS.

A Ranchman's Interesting Story of Why Beavers Fell Trees and Build Dams. The Value of the Little Animals to the Cattlemen of Montana.
"I believe I am the only white person that ever trapped or killed an adult albino beaver," said Thomas Gilroy, an ex-ranchman of Montana. "Albino beavers are the rarest of animals, and the only specimens I ever saw besides the one I trapped were two cubs captured by an Indian on Wind River more than 30 years ago. There were four young beavers in the nest this Indian secured, and two of them were black. The mother of the litter was captured with them, and she was black. There is another very rare beaver in the northwest region. This is the golden beaver, bearing the choicest of all fur. The golden beaver is almost as rare as the white beaver, the albino being merely a freak of nature, while the golden beaver is a species. This beaver was not known in this country until about 1880, when the first specimen was discovered in the Mink river region.
"I wasn't in the trapping business when I caught the albino beaver, or perhaps I wouldn't have had the chance to bag him and the 31 others I got with him. I had heard a good many wonderful stories about how beavers chopped down trees, and, being anxious to see how far from the truth some of these stories were, I found where beavers were at work in a piece of cedar woods through which a branch of the Wind river flowed. I chose a bright moonlight night to watch the beavers at their tree chopping. I hid myself before night-fall near the spot.
"Soon after nightfall a beaver came out of the water, went straight to a good sized cedar tree and began work at it with his teeth without a moment's delay. While he was at work another beaver appeared from the river, and as he drew himself out of the water to the bank where the moon shone full upon him I saw that he was as white as snow. The white beaver selected a tree and went vigorously to work felling it. I don't believe a woodchopper with his ax could have felled those trees any quicker than these beavers did with their chisel-like teeth.
"Long before I had come into personal contact with the beaver I had read in the books that the beavers built dams for the purpose of making a swimming and fishing pond. After I began taking an interest in beavers I found that the book explanation was as ridiculous as the fact. I found that the beaver does not entice or fish of any kind, but subsists entirely on tender roots and larks, which are plentiful during the summer, but cease to provide nutritious or hunger allaying qualities when the cold season is at hand, so the beaver builds dams to provide against the pinch of hunger during the winter. The instinct of the beaver teaches him that these substances submerged in water will keep green, fresh and nutritious all winter long, so he selects a spot where this food grows abundant near the shores and dams the stream so that the water will be flooded back over the young willows and aspens and cottonwoods and held there. Thus the bark on them is kept soft, juicy and tender, and the beaver has his store of nutritious food to draw upon all winter long. If there is no growth of such woods convenient for overwintering, the beaver cuts down willows, cottonwoods or aspens—the cottonwood being the favorite—floats them to the dam, sinks them to the bottom, fixes them there below the freezing depth, and they keep as fresh and tender as if they were growing on the banks and quickened by the spring sunshine and rains.
"As to the colony of beavers that first attracted my attention, I watched it at its dam building in the course of which the beavers chopped down a good many cedar trees. That was all very interesting and instructive, but it wasn't profitable to the owner of the timber, where agent I was, and as my chief duty was the quest of timber thieves, I concluded that here were some well worth looking after, and I resolved to break up that colony without delay. By inquiry among the trappers I learned something about how they went to work to trap beavers, and I set five traps in that colony's pond. I caught a beaver in every trap seven consecutive nights, and the last beaver I caught was the big white one. I sold the albino to an English tourist for \$40 in gold.
"The share I took in the work of depopulating the northwest of the beaver after that was considerable, but when I got into the cattle business I was sorry, and would gladly have given back every dollar I received for their pelts—and it would have made a big sum—it I could have put the beavers back again, for I found that, although the beaver wasn't worth as much as a fat steer in money, there wasn't a cattleman in Montana that wouldn't give up the best steer in his herd to save the life of a beaver any day in the year, just because the beavers were dam builders. That wonderful instinct of the beaver didn't interest the ranchman a little bit, nor had they any sentiment in their anxiety to protect the beaver. But water was a constant necessity on the cattle trails, in the dry climate of Montana especially, where the streams and water holes are few and far between. There were more beavers in Montana—and there are yet perhaps—than anywhere else in the United States. By building their dams wherever they might they caused the water supply to be hoarded as it could be in no other way. That just suited the cattleman, and to this day, while any other game or fur bearing animal may be exterminated without a dissenting voice from them, the beaver is assured of the friendship and protection of the ranchmen."—Portland (Or.) Press.

Not a Good Morning.

Admiral Montague says that no body of men alive will be found so alive as sailors to what makes the combination of an officer and a gentleman. They will overlook many a rebuff on the part of a commander who shines in his profession and who embodies the discipline he seeks to impress upon them.
Certain of these martinetes draw a black line between their behavior when on duty and off. One who was well known for an easy courtesy in private life had the most extreme reverence for the sanctity of "being on duty." Indeed he would not even shake hands with any captain of his own standing who might happen to call on board his ship.
One incident in particular is remembered as illustrating his attitude toward the naval world.
A young officer was keeping the morning watch for the first time, and about half past 7 in the morning the commander of the ship came upon the poop before the morning evolution of crossing the yards. As he approached the lieutenant the young man spoke.
"Good morning, sir!" said he.
No answer. Then, thinking that the commander had not heard his salutation, he repeated it. The commander turned upon him.
"What is that you say?" he asked.
"Oh," said the lieutenant, "I was only saying good morning to you, sir."
"Oh, were you?" said the commander. "I will tell you, once for all, there is no good morning here, sir. It's all work."
And he strode on, leaving the lieutenant in a state of mind which is easy to imagine.—Youth's Companion.

A Bell With a Story.

There is an old bell in the museum at Glen Island which is looked upon with interest by persons whose education was promoted when they were children by a certain reading book. The story in the old reading book was this:
In one of the old cities of Italy, many centuries ago, the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares and called it "The Bell of Justice." He commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate and ask and receive justice. And when in the course of time the lower end of the bell rope rotted away a vine was tied to it to lengthen it. One stormy night the inhabitants were awakened by the loud clanging of the bell. An old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine rang the bell. The magistrate, coming to see who demanded justice, found the old, starving horse, and he caused the owner of the animal, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him and demanded that as his poor horse had rung the bell of justice he should receive justice; and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.
And the story told at Glen Island is that this is the bell, which Mr. Starin, while he was traveling in Italy, found, with the story attached to it, and bought and brought home with him.—New York Tribune.

Cheap Will.

There is a class of people, not otherwise objectionable, to whom one feels continually inclined to recommend the study of the English language. The language they use verges on slang, but is mostly like the "white knight's pudding," an invention of their own, which they readily regard as humorous. Their terms for no man is always "the mill pond" or "the bany deep." They never sleep at night, but on "terra firma." They "gaze at the starry firmament" instead of looking at the sky, and they meet their friends only upon "the Rialto."
They never ask you to dinner, but "to grace the festive board." Their home is always their "vine and fig tree," and their children are only their "olive branches."
Such cheap wit is far more tiresome than slang. Slang is sometimes picturesque and may be rebuked as the genuine article when it gets too pronounced. The misquoting wretch who invariably calls his clothes "his garb" thinks he is funny. If you find him tiresome, be thanks you gracefully.
For the young lady who thought it vulgar to "go to bed," and only "retired," one can feel pity. Our weariness for the man who forever "turns on" rancors at last vents disgust. He considers the simple terms of the language beneath him.—Christian Work.

Thackeray as a Boy.

It was while Thackeray was at school at Chiswick that his mother and her husband came home from India. In a letter written to India she tells of her meeting with her son:
"He had a perfect recollection of me; he could not speak, but kissed me, and looked at me again and again, and I could almost have said, 'Lord, now let them thy servant depart in peace.' He is the living image of his father, and God in heaven said that he may resemble him in all but his too short life. He is tall, stout and sturdy. His eyes are become darker, but there is still the same dark expression. His drawing is wonderful."
There is a great deal of biography in that short extract, and the reference to Thackeray's father constitutes the only allusion to him not merely formal which ever happened to come to the writer's notice. Evidently this boy loved his mother, and she him, as was to be expected, and one may recognize, from scraps of later letters, that the relation always continued intimate. If the man's nature was sweet, and a store of love was always in his heart ready to lighten the thoughts of a host of readers, it is obvious that he came honestly by those blessed attributes.—Scribner's.

